

## Rebirth

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Summary: Most don't understand. They think she's dangerous. Insane. Murderous. But that's only half the story. She doesn't understand either. She isn't herself. She's never herself. But she's determined to find the answer to this madness, to find the answer of why StarClan, and whoever else, did this to her. But she must be prepared for what's coming, or all the Clans would be destroyed.

## Rebirth

Hi, everyone! I'm here with a new story called "Rebirth." I hope you like it! Please read, review, and enjoy! Feel free to check out my two stories that I'm also writing, The Scattered Hope and Warriors High.

## Allegiances

### ThunderClan

Leader: Pinestar - Russet tom with leaf-green eyes

Deputy: Dustwhisker - Pale ginger she-cat with green eyes

Medicine Cat: Featherheart - Light grey tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Owlstripe - Dark brown tabby tom with blue eyes

### Warriors:

Nightfur - Black tom with blue eyes (Sandpaw's mentor)

Eaglepelt - Dark golden tabby tom with amber eyes

Silvershine - Silvery grey she-cat with blue eyes

Icepool - White she-cat with green eyes (Dawnpaw's mentor)

Snowfall - Pale grey she-cat with amber eyes

Snakestripe - Dark grey tom with amber eyes (Darkpaw's mentor)

Cloudnose - White tom with blue eyes, slightly deaf

Sootstorm - Light grey she-cat with amber eyes

Rabbitstep - Light brown tabby tom with green eyes (Tigerpaw's mentor)

Dapplegaze - Pretty tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes

Lionfang - Golden tom with amber eyes (Ripplepaw's mentor)

Dewnose - Pale golden she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentices:

Ripplepaw - Light grey tom with green eyes

Tigerpaw - Dark golden-brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Sandpaw - Dusty brown she-cat with blue eyes

Darkpaw - Black tom with amber eyes

Dawnpaw - Pale ginger she-cat with green eyes

Queens

Mousestep - Grey tabby she-cat with blue eyes (Expecting Snakestripe's kits.)

Cinderwing - Black she-cat with green eyes (Mother of Nightfur's kits: Sparkkit - Small, delicate grey, golden, ginger, russet, black, brown and white dapple she-cat with blue eyes (slightly blind and lame,) Fernkit - Pretty dark grey she-cat with green eyes, and Crowkit - Black tom with blue eyes.)

Mistyheart - Tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes (Mother of Rabbitstep's kits: Poolkit - Small tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes and Ashkit - Grey tabby tom with green eyes.)

Elders:

Smallfoot - Deaf black tom with amber eyes, very small paws.

Whitetooth - White she-cat with blue eyes

Prologue

Leaf-bare winds swirled around barren trees, grasping the remaining leaves that clung onto branches with its bitter claws until they fluttered to the ground. Snow fell from the sky, laying a blanket of

white down onto the earth. Frost clawed icy bark, holding on until all life died. No creature dared to venture out onto the frozen land, all but one.

A group of cats were huddled together in a clearing, wailing out in anguish. The snow around them was covered in blood, evidence of an ambush.

"Those ShadowClan cowards struck right at the heart of camp." A warrior growled, unsheathing and sheathing his claws. A small apprentice looked up at him with wide eyes. "They attacked the kits and the elders. They attacked Ivystar. They knew it was her last life!" The apprentice gasped, then let out a weak snarl.

"Fox-hearts! They had no right!"

"Featherheart, say it isn't so." A black tom cried, shaking his head back in forth in the wind and glaring at a pretty light grey tabby she-cat.

"I'm sorry, Nightfur," Featherheart replied mournfully. "Ivystar is dead." More wails started, piercing the cold until Featherheart shut her ears onto her head. "Please, ThunderClan." She pleaded. "We must grieve for Ivystar in the morning. It is too dangerous to be out here for long." Featherheart opened one ear and turned her head to another sound. "Cinderwing has begun her kitting. I-I must go."

"Leave us, Featherheart." A russet tom meowed warily. "Tend to your duties. I will watch over my clan."

"Are you sure, Pineclaw?" The medicine cat replied softly. "Ivystar was your leader as well. Surely you feel sorrow."

"Of course, I feel sorrow!" Pineclaw snapped, then flicked his tail at Featherheart's shocked expression and looked away. "Forgive me. But I was deputy, Ivystar would want me to take care of ThunderClan as soon as she has departed. Now go help Owlstripe. Cinderwing is young, and kitting in a storm like this could be dangerous, I presume." Featherheart nodded, dazed, and started to back up slowly as she watched Pineclaw gather the sullen cats. "We must get some rest." He yowled over the wind, his red coat shining against the snowstorm. "We will bury Ivystar's body at sunrise. Right now, we must take shelter."

"She'll be covered in snow by the time we wake." An elder complained, licking his ice-covered pelt.

"What about your deputy, Pineclaw?" A cat mewed, pushing through the crowd of cats until he was standing a rabbits hop away from the newly appointed Leader. "It's almost moon-high. Surely you wouldn't go against the Warrior Code or StarClan." Several anxious murmurings broke out as the skinny brown tom spoke, and many cats glanced up at the covered moon.

"I know, Rabbitleap. I will go to the Moonpool tomorrow. But I must choose a Deputy now. I say these words before StarClan so that the spirits of our warrior ancestors may hear and approve of my choice. The new deputy of ThunderClan is Dustwhisker." A pale ginger she-cat looked up in surprise, then purred as many of her clanmates

congratulated her.

"I-I accept, Pinestar." She answered with a shaky voice, padding forward to touch noses with the new Leader. Pineclaw blinked.

"No, no. I'm still Pineclaw. I must receive my nine lives first." Dustwhisker dipped her head and slipped back into the clearing.

"Now, go. Get some rest. We must rebuild our camp tomorrow."

The air was crisp and cool. Clear blue water trickled down rocks and cascaded down a waterfall and into a sparkling pool. A dark ginger tom was dozing on a boulder, the sun warming his fiery pelt. A pale ginger she-cat lay beside him, her eyes closed and her tail twitching contentedly. A dark grey, broad-faced she-cat stood above the resting mates, scowling and rolling her eyes.

"What do you think, Cinderpelt, should we wake 'em?" The old she-cat asked to another grey she-cat beside her.

"Gee, I don't know, Yellowfang." Cinderpelt purred, poking the dark ginger tom with her paw. "They look pretty sweet."

"Who's sweet?" The ginger she-cat asked, raising her head slowly. Cinderpelt quickly snatched her paw back and the broad-faced she-cat sniffed.

"Come along, Sandstorm, it's time to go."

"Go where, Yellowfang?" Sandstorm asked, sitting up and licking her paws.

"Ivystar has just died." Yellowfang reminded her. "She's making her way up to StarClan as we speak. Wake Firestar, we must go meet her."

"Why?" Sandstorm growled, pacing back and forth along the rock. Yellowfang bared her teeth in impatience. Cinderpelt laid her tail on her shoulders, and the former medicine cat calmed. "It's time for the next phase." Sandstorm grew still, and she closed her eyes for a moment, thinking.

"Remind me again why we must do this to the poor scrap." She muttered. Cinderpelt sighed.

"Come on, Sandstorm. You know even we don't know. It's the will of Ancients we've never encounteredâ€¦. So mysterious no cat has ever heard or seen them before. But we must do their bidding."

"So we're their pawns." The she-cat retorted. Yellowfang let out a hoarse laugh.

"And the Clan cats are our pawns!" Sandstorm purred, and nodded softly.

"Alright. We're coming." She prodded her russet mate awake, who blinked open his leaf-green eyes and yawned, revealing sharp white fangs.

"What is it?" He mewed, looking back and forth in confusion at the three ThunderClan she-cats.

"Come along, Firestar." Sandstorm murmured. "It's time. Ivystar has passed." Firestar shook his head and scrambled to his paws, already jumping down the cliffside to the pool below.

"Well, we must get going then." He called over his shoulder, and the others bounded on after him. "Can't keep the Ancients waitingâ€¦" Sandstorm looked down, blinking back tears as she imagined what the poor kit was going through - having so many "identities." Or maybe she doesn't notice at allâ€¦ When they got down to the bottom of the waterfall, other cats were waiting for them. The sun shone overhead, glistening on the pool's surface. A blueish grey she-cat dipped her head in greeting as the four cats approached, and beckoned them closer to the water's edge.

"Come, Rusty, Sandpaw, Yellowtooth, Cinderheart." The she-cat's voice was cracked with age and her eyes were clouded and dull. Firestar shifted uncomfortably and gently nosed the old leader.

"Bluestar, it's us. Firestar, Sandstorm, Yellowfang, and Cinderpelt. Come sit. You're not well." Bluestar's eyes grew wide and she shook her head wildly, stepping to the side.

"No." She muttered. "No. No. No. They're here. They want her. Us. They want them. Hurry. We must run. Go. Go now. The Ancients. The Dark Forest. Too much. Too much." Firestar glanced anxiously at his companions, and at the cats surrounding Bluestar. They were all looking wide-eyed at Bluestar, trembling with fear.

"She's been like this since dawn." A muscular white tom murmured. "We don't know what's happening."

"It's alright, Whitestorm," Firestar replied. "She was a rebirth."

"I was a rebirth as well." A dark brown she-cat grunted. "I'm fine." Firestar shrugged impatiently. "Alright, keep your fur on Briarlight. Let's get this over with." A pale silver she-cat was standing at the edge of the pool, her eyes closed and her image faded. "Ivystar." Firestar mewed calmly. "Do you hear us?" The she-cat blinked open her eyes and nodded softly. "Good. Now, we're going to do something. Stay calm. It's not going to hurt. We'll explain it all later. Now, we need you to step into the pool." Ivystar cocked her head, confused, but slowly padded into the water, sending small waves sloshing onto the shore. The cold sent shivers up her spine and she shivered but remained silent. Firestar placed a paw into the water, and the image rippled and changed. Now it showed a newborn kit, her pelt dappled with white, golden, ginger, grey, brown and black. The pelt of a Thousand. Ivystar's eyes widened, but again she did not say anything. The sky darkened and thunder rumbled from above. Lightning flashed and leaves swirled around in different directions around the pocket of water, ruffling every cat's fur. Rain started to pour down, making the pool grow larger and larger every second. Two more cats appeared at either side of the small body of water. Their bodies were faded and blurry, their faces were hidden. They reached forward into the water, almost on top of the surface, and touched Ivystar with a paw. The deceased leader then crumpled into the water and lay there. Firestar resisted the urge to surge forward, but he stood still,

closing his eyes and gripping the ground with his claws. It was over.

A new generation of secrets has begun.

Firestar stepped back, shaking, and glanced up at the two Ancients. They were staring at him. Their glowing black eyes seemed to seep into his soul, seeking out his deepest fears and exposing his secrets. He wrapped his tail around Sandstorm protectively, pulling her away from the two spirits. She backed off willingly, keeping her eyes on the Ancients before she closed her eyes and turned, bounding back up the rocky slope and disappearing from sight. Firestar cringed and watched helplessly as his mate left in despair. Bluestar was still on the shore, lashing her tail and staring into the water where Ivystar lay.

"It isn't right." She whispered to herself, the rain wetting her pelt. "It isn't right."

"Bluestar?" Firestar murmured, slowly padding towards her. "Are you alright?" The Ancients have disappeared, as did Ivystar. Bluestar looked up at him with wide eyes. "Why did they do it, Rusty?" She growled. "Why?"

"I-I don't know, Bluestar." Firestar stammered. "But we must follow their orders." "Why?!" The she-cat's meow was urgent, desperate, and she gripped Firestar's pelt with unsheathed claws.

"Bluestar... I don't know." He repeated. "I don't know."

End  
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